"a conceited, blind, ridiculous, little fathead."

By the way, has Mr. Swinnerton been reading George Ade, or is "fathead" honest-to-goodness English slang?

Foreign Books

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pushes fatally this man and this woman toward one another, moved now alternately and then again simultaneously by fear, compassion and a desire for companionship. Though essentially incompatible, they seek one another out, and even come to live together. But this companionship itself becomes a force of destruction. It serves to keep still more constantly before their minds the crime of Lampieur. Finally, this obsession becomes so great that they run headlong into the hands of the police.

To make a good book out of this subject would require just the kind of truth which Carco sought so successfully in "l'Equipe." But here, for some reason or other, he has failed to develop it. In the case of the earlier book, both the deed of violence and the mental torture were well motivated. Bouve had sufficient reason for killing Bobeche—a reason founded on the million described and on the nature of the particular character presented—and afterward he was haunted by the memory of the distraught old mother, that is, by one of the most instinctively appealing protests against his deed. In "L'Homme traque," the reason for the murder is, as I have said, not sufficiently plain; and the nature, habits, and surrounding of Lampieur are insufficiently developed to support the story of his breakdown. That remorse of a somewhat similar nature may, if properly worked up, be made to yield a remarkable book, is proved by the success of "Crime and Punishment," a novel which naturally enough comes to our minds in connection with "L'Homme traque." The one great objection that can be made to Dostoyevsky's work is that it is too complicated, too devious, too mad. Whether this objection be valid or not, it is undoubtedly true that Carco's book suffers from the opposite faults. Considering its subject, it is far too simple, too direct, and too sane. It is simply not convincing.

Chronicle and Comment

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ment, but unfortunately they occasionally slop over into a kind of rhetorical exaggeration which was regarded as precious writing at the time, but which was in reality very slovenly English. A "Foreword" to the "Letters" recalls the old story of the young woman proofreader on the *Overland Monthly* who held up for a time the publication of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" because she objected to the words "damned little cuss." That hypersensitive young woman still lingers with us. To her mental astigmatism, which points the corrective finger in the wrong direction, we owe the recent publication of some very abominable books.

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IN limited edition the Houghton, Mifflin Company are issuing "Whittier's Unknown Romance," made up of the poet's letters to Elizabeth Lloyd, with an introduction by Marie V. Denervaud. Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quakeress, was born in Philadelphia, August 19, 1811. When Whittier was first in Philadelphia in 1837, he often visited the Lloyd family and was greatly charmed by Elizabeth, who was held to be not only beautiful, but also witty and brilliant. She had developed at an early age a decided literary talent and had written several poems, one of them "Milton's Prayer of Patience," was printed anonymously, was believed to have been written by Milton, and is included among his poems in several editions. Like many blue stocking ladies of her time, Elizabeth Lloyd long remained single. It was not until 1853, when she was forty-two, that she married Robert Howell, who died three years after the marriage. Says Miss Denervaud: "There had long been a tradition in the Lloyd family that Whittier had been in love with Elizabeth; that he had wanted to marry her in the early days, in Philadelphia, and again, after her husband had died; and that it was because of this that he had never married."